

Price 6/- Volume I. Bound in Fine cloth.

# Pictures from "Punch"

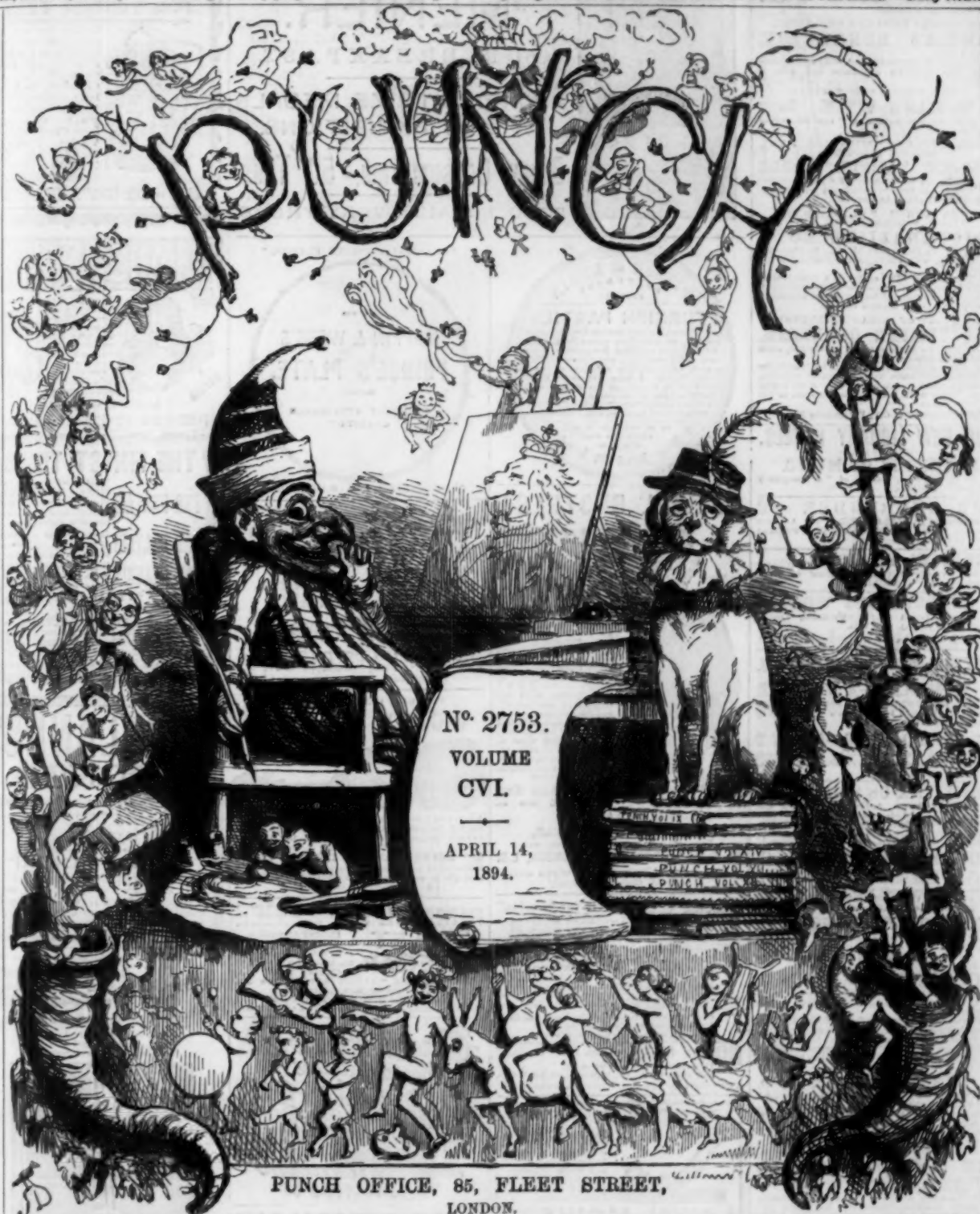
"Mr. Punch may reasonably be as pleased as he is colloquially supposed to be at the production of his first volume of reprinted 'Pictures.' Congratulation in this case is due both to publisher and purchaser, and so Mr. Punch's work is twice blest, and truly it will prove a blessing to many people."—*St. James's Budget*.

No. 7 commences a New Volume. Price 6d.

# Pictures from "Punch"

"The selections continue to be thoroughly representative of the best humour of the great British satirist."—*Glasgow Herald*. "Mr. Punch holds on his way with the new series of 'Pictures' from his popular pages, No. 7, just issued, comprising a considerable selection from the work of his best hands."—*Daily News*.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



No. 2753.

VOLUME  
CVI.

APRIL 14,  
1894.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

TABLE WATERS  
AS SUPPLIED TO  
THE QUEEN.

# SCHWEPPE'S

Carriage paid to any address if ordered through one of the Agents of the Company.

SODA, SELTZER, &c.,  
IN BOTTLES  
AND IN THEIR  
PATENT PORCELAIN-LINED  
SYPHONS.

NEW BOOKS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

THIRD THOUSAND.  
**A YELLOW ASTER.** In 3 Vols.  
By "Ira."  
The Yellow Aster says: "You ask me what to read and what books are most talked about. 'A Yellow Aster' is the last sensation."

MRS. ROBERT JOCKLYN'S NEW NOVEL.  
**PAMELA'S HONEYMOON.**  
In 3 Vols.  
"Heavy, fresh, and healthy. A story which new reveals Mrs. Jocklyn's goodness and skill."  
—*Review*—

MRS. CHILDE'S NEW NOVEL.  
**A WOMAN'S WHIM.** In 3 Vols.  
By the Author of "The Garden of Eden," &c.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "STILL LIFE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE."

**MIDDLE TEMPLE TABLE TALK.** By W. G. Tansley, F.R.S., a Narrative of the Society. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with Photographic Frontispiece of the Author. 10s.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "I FORBID THE KISS."

**A JOURNALIST'S NOTE-BOOK.** By Frederick Moore. In demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with Photographic Frontispiece of the Author. 12s.  
The Review says: "The author is a raconteur of undoubted humor. Unquestionably there is something of a racy and entertaining book will find something to satisfy them in Mr. Moore's volume."

NEW STORY OF INDIAN ADVENTURE.  
**THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.**  
By Florence Mitchell. In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with Frontispiece. 6s.  
"Mr. Hider Haggard must look to his laurels, for Mr. Mitchell introduces us to mysticism, wonders, and horrors which the author of 'She' could hardly surpass. There have been few better tales of the kind."  
—*Review*—

HUTCHINSON & CO., Paternoster Row.

FOUR NEW LIBRARY NOVELS.

**A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC.**  
By G. G. Cuthbert, Author of "A Conspiracy of Silence." In 3 Vols.

**THE SURRENDER OF MARGARET BELLAMINE.** By Agnes Strindberg. Author of "The Story of a Patient Soul." In 2 Vols. 12s.

**BENEFITS FORGOT.**  
By Wolcott Bennett, Author of "The Average Woman." In 3 Vols.

**A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN.**  
(Third Edition nearly exhausted, fourth Edition in the Press.) In 2 Vols.  
Lond. W. W. Heinemann, 11, Bedford Street, W.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW NOVELS.

**L. T. MEADE—A SOLDIER AND OF FORTUNE.** By the Author of "The Unknown Lady." will be ready in 3 Vols., at every Library, on April 15.

**W. E. NORRIS—SAINT ARNOLD.** The New Novel by W. E. Norris, Author of "The Ragged Dicks," is now ready, in 3 Vols., at every Library.

**CHRISTINA CHARD.** By Mrs. Carpenter Fagan, Author of "Outlaw and Lawbreaker," &c. 3 Vols. At every Library.  
"The story is original, ingenious, very cleverly written, and deeply interesting. . . This is an exceptionally clever and entertaining novel."  
—*Review*—

**DOROTHY'S DOUBLE.** By G. A. Henty, Author of "Rajah the Juggler," &c. 3 Vols. At all Libraries.  
"The plot is developed with a skill that makes every page of the three volumes light and entertaining. The book is eminently readable."  
—*Review*—

**JACK DOYLE'S DAUGHTER.**  
By H. E. Francis, Author of "Ropes of Sand," &c. 3 Vols. At every Library.  
"A clever and interesting novel."  
—*Glasgow Herald*—

**THE ONE TOO MANY.** By E. Lene Lavin, Author of "Patricia Kemball," &c. 3 Vols. Second Edition now ready, at all Libraries.  
"The One Too Many" is a delightful book, full of humor and interest. Mrs. Lavin is at her best as a story-teller; she writes clearly and brightly; her characters are firmly drawn, and possess a distinct individuality that is maintained from the beginning to the end of the story."  
—*Review*—

**IN DIREST PERIL.** By D. C. Murray, Author of "Joseph's Coat," &c. 3 Vols. At every Library.  
"In Direst Peril" is an admirable story of adventure, plot, intrigue, and character. Mr. Murray tells his story with delightful spirit, and his novel may be recommended to everybody who likes a novel to be readable from cover to cover."  
—*Review*—

**THE COMMON ANCESTOR.**  
By John Hark, Author of "Treasure-Polony," &c. 3 Vols. At all Libraries.  
"The Common Ancestor" is really an extremely good story, sparkling, animated, humorous, and with a comical and exciting plot. The whole story is admirable."  
—*Review*—

**FRAISINE.**  
A Delicious Doublet.  
PREPARED FROM FRESH STRAWBERRIES.  
In Gilt GoldENAMEL Boxes, post free, 1s. 6d.  
FRANKS & CO., 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.


# CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.  
AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS  
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.  
DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.  
SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

**PESSE & LUBIN**  
PARFUMS  
FACTORS  
**TURKISH PASTILS**  
"Through all my travels few things as-  
tonished me more than seeing the beauties  
of the harem smoking Pastils at their  
bowl. After smoking a sweet aromatic Pastil  
is used, which imparts an odor of flowers  
to the breath. I have seen these Pastils  
but once in Europe, at Piana & Lina's  
Shop."—*Lady W. Montagu*.  
Ladies who desire a "Breath of Flowers"  
should take these Pastils at night and morning.  
TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL  
Perfumers and  
Druggists  
2 New Bond St. London.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."  
AND FOR  
**MAPPIN & WEBB'S  
PRINCE'S PLATE.**  
(Steel.)  
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE  
QUALITY."  
"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

## SAMUEL BROTHERS. SCHOOL OUTFITS.



Meas. SAMUEL BROTHERS respectfully invite an inspection of their Showrooms by Parents and Guardians who are desirous of Outfitting their Juvenile charges for any of the Public or Private Colleges, Schools, &c. The requirements of Youth and boys have for very many years engaged the closest attention of Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS, with the result that this important department of their business has attained very large dimensions; so that every want in Suits, Overcoats, Hosiery, Boots, &c., is fully met, and durable qualities ensured.

**PATTERNS AND**  
**CATALOGUE free on**  
**application.**  
Eton Jacket and Vest.  
For boy of 8 yrs. from 12s.  
For boy of 10 yrs. from 15s.  
**SAMUEL BROTHERS,**  
NEBULAR TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,  
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.  
Workshops: Niggin Street, Ludgate Hill;  
and 46, Gray's Inn Road.

**BENZINE COLLAS.**—Ask for "Collas."  
CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSER.  
CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSER.  
CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSER.  
**BENZINE COLLAS.**—Buy "Collas."  
REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE.  
REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE.  
FROM FURNITURE—CLOTH, &c.  
**BENZINE COLLAS.**—Try "Collas."  
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.  
Bottle refined, nearly odorless.  
On using, becoming quite odorless.  
**BENZINE COLLAS.**—Ask for "Collas."  
Preparation, and take no other.  
Sold every where, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per bottle.  
Agents: J. SANDERSON & SONS, 2, Wincoburn, Oxford St., W.

**RANSOMES'**  
LAWN MOWERS  
THE BEST in the WORLD.  
"New Automaton," "Crane Automaton,"  
"Anglo-Park," "World," and "Fort and  
Horse-Power" Mowers, in all sizes to suit  
every requirement. All Machines sent on a  
Month's Free Trial, and Carriage Paid. Supplied  
by all Ironmongers.  
**RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFRIES, Ltd., Ipswich.**

## WEDDING PRESENTS.

The Largest and Choicest  
Stock in the World.  
**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,**  
Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.  
(ADJOINING STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.)

**WOLFF VIOLINS.**  
Are the best new instruments. Played everywhere.  
Highly recommended by Sir. SARABAT, Mus.  
Sacrist (Royal College of Music), the late H.  
FARMER, &c.  
THE NEW PATENTED STUDENT'S VIOLIN.  
Innovational invention. Lists of prices and testi-  
monials to be had of W. KONSBERG & CO.,  
1 & 2, Chiswell St., E.C., London.

**RIMMEL'S  
TOILET  
VINEGAR**  
Has for over HALF A  
CENTURY sustained its  
HIGH REPUTATION as an  
INDISPENSABLE  
TOILET REQUISITE.  
Delightfully Cooling to  
the Skin. Rimmel's New  
Perfumes (just out)  
"NIBSARI" and "BLUSH ROSE." New and  
unrivalled Perfumes for the handkerchief.  
London and Paris. Sold Everywhere.  
CAUTION.—Note name and trade mark on all goods.

**Foreign Medicines**  
Toilet Articles &  
**Robertson's**  
Chemists, 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris  
Keep at their London House  
76, New Bond St. W.  
all French & Foreign  
Medicines &  
**GOLDEN HAIR  
ROBARE'S AUREOLINE**  
PREPARED BY HARMLESS  
Sold by Perfumers and Chemists throughout  
the World.  
Agents: H. HOVENDE & SONS, London.

## OXFORD. MITRE HOTEL.

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM

**FOR TENDER FEET**  
Tender Feet are in-  
stantly relieved by  
bathing in Cond's  
Fluid (diluted).  
Supplied by all  
Chemists in 8 oz.  
bottles, price 1s., and  
in larger bottles for 4s.  
Full directions  
from Cond's Fluid  
Works, Turnmill  
St., London, E.C.  
Insist on having  
"Cond's Fluid."  
Use "CONDY'S FLUID."

**ALLANS ANTI-FAT**  
PURELY VEGETABLE. For  
Scaly Har-  
ness. Will re-  
duce 2 to 4 lb.  
a week; acts  
on the food in  
stomach, pre-  
venting its  
conversion  
into fat. Sold  
by all Chemists.  
Send stamp for pamphlet.  
BOTANIC MEDICI & CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

**THE FINEST TONIC**  
**FER BRAVAIS**  
most effective in re-  
storing the vitality of the  
blood, and enabling the  
constitution to resist  
climatic influences.  
Invaluable in all cases  
of anaemia, indigestion  
and general debility.  
Highly recommended  
for weak and debili-  
tated children.  
**LANCET** "A beautiful and interesting  
preparation."  
**BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL**—  
"It has all the good effects of iron without  
producing constipation or disturbing the  
digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth."  
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURES

**ROWLANDS'  
ODONTO**  
a pure, fragrant, non-gritty tooth  
powder;  
**WHITENS  
THE TEETH,**  
prevents decay, and sweetens the breath.  
It is most exquisitely perfumed, and  
is a perfect toilet luxury for all who  
value the appearance of their teeth.  
2s. 9d. per box. Sold everywhere.

The Medical Profession strongly recommended  
**SALUTARIS  
WATER,**  
Pure Distilled Water Aerated,  
Unquenchable,  
Plain, with Wine or Spirit.  
**SALUTARIS**  
Pure Distilled  
Aerated  
**WATER**  
**ORDINARY**  
Typhoid Cholera.  
Diphtheria  
**WATER**  
Salutaris Water Co., 10, Finsbury Road, London.



## THE NEXT REWARD CASE.

(A Phantom Page from an Impossible Diary.)

*Monday.*—After having been advertised for in all part of the world, and a reward offered for my arrest, I find myself again in England. Want to give myself up. Apply at Scotland Yard. Am referred to local police-station.

*Tuesday.*—Have called a local police-station, but can find no one to arrest me; the say I had better go back to "the Yard." Explain that have already been, and have been referred to the suburban branch. Inspector unreasonable. He says, if I create disturbance he will "run me in." I say, "That's exactly what I want." Then he tells me to "be off." So "off" I go.

*Wednesday.*—Still at large. Most annoying. Here have been hunted for weeks without being found, and now I want to give myself up, can't do it! Call upon a newspaper. Newspaper pleased to see me, and keeps me waiting while it gets out a "contents bill." I am asked to call to-morrow.

*Thursday.*—Newspaper most polite. Has sent a representative to Scotland Yard, but authorities there decline to interfere. Newspaper would have liked to arrange arrest in its own office. Could not be managed. Another day gone and still at large! Wonder how much longer this sort of thing will continue!

*Friday.*—Pay a third visit to newspaper. Distinguished representative of the Press not



SCENE—Side Entrance of Burlington House.

Receiving-Day of the Royal Academy, April 2, 1894.

"E. A." Porter (to Stodge, who takes in his Picture himself). "STONISHIN' LOT O' RUBBISH SENT HIN THIS YEAR, SIR! MOS' DAMAGIN' TO TH' HEYE, SIR."

quite so civil. Told politely that "I would be of more use to them if I were arrested." But how am I to become arrested? That is not their (newspaper's) business, but mine. Have another shot at the Yard. I try six fresh locals. No use. They won't have me on any terms.

*Saturday.*—Eureka! Managed it at last! Contrived to get taken on as an extra constable. Appeared in my uniform, and was given the keys. Looked myself up in one of the cells, and threw the key out of the window. They can't find it! So, as I can't get out, must stay here till Monday. First-rate! Have just sent a messenger to the Editor of the most enterprising of the Sunday papers. Will send him "a column," and yet have enough "stuff" over to form interesting articles for the morning journals of Monday.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—An Irish gentleman said he intended to patronise these concerts in future, as he heard that the performance of the overture to "Corry O' Lan," as given last Thursday, was such a success. He wants to know the name of the composer? [Mr. HENSCHEL thinks he must mean BEETHOVEN's overture to "Coriolan."]

AN ANTI-BRITISH FRENCHMAN.—"Aha! mon ami," cried a very stout and jocund Frenchman to an English friend, "I trample on all your flags!" Quite true: they were walking down Regent Street.

## THE OFFICIAL GAME OF HUNT THE SLIPPER.

From the Pr-m-r to the Ch-ne-ll-r of the Exch-q-r.

Downing Street.

I ENCLOSE letter herewith. Read it, and if you think there is anything in it send it to the W. O., and ask them to act upon it. (Enclosure.)

HONORED SIR.—Me and another chap stole the crown of the King of the Cannibal Islands. I am uneasy in my mind, and let you know it. Me and BOBBY BROWN (the other chap) hid the loot in the courtyard of the Palace. (Signed) THOMAS ATKINS X his mark.

From the Ch-ne-ll-r of the Exch-q-r to the S-cr-t-ry for W-r.

Treasury.

Above is self-explanatory. If you can help at all, do your best. Of course, it would be useful to get something (all contributions thankfully received) so near to the date of the announcement of the Budget. Send it on when noted to most appropriate authority.

From the S-cr-t-ry for W-r to the F-rst L-rd of the Adm-r-lty.

Pal Mall.

Above is self-explanatory. Think we can spare a Militia Regiment. Sure to volunteer for service abroad on receiving a small percentage. But, of course, you would have to supply the transport. We can't do more. Send paper on to anyone you please.

From the F-rst L-rd of the Adm-r-lty to the L-rd Ch-ne-ll-r.

Whitehall.

Above is self-explanatory. We can easily spare a ship to send over the Militia Regiment. But is not the scheme illegal? Seems rather like compounding a felony. Please send on the paper to most appropriate recipient.

From the L-rd Ch-ne-ll-r to the Att-rn-y-G-n-r-l.

Law Courts, Strand.

Above is self-explanatory. Have not the leisure to look up the point. Fancy, too, that it is rather in your province. You have practised in the inferior courts later than I have. Do what you please with it.

From the Att-rn-y-G-n-r-l to Ch-f C-mm-s-s-n-r of P-l-ce.

Law Courts, Strand.

Above is self-explanatory. Don't think there is much in the point of law. Wonder why the Chancellor sent it to me. Of course it isn't compounding a felony. But you know that as well as I do. Think it is more in your department than in mine. Perhaps you had better return it to the Premier.

From the Ch-f C-mm-s-s-n-r of P-l-ce to the Pr-m-r.

Scotland Yard.

Have the honour to return this paper, as directed. Do not consider that either Militia Regiment, Troop-ship, or Legal opinion, is necessary. Probably the treasure by this time has been discovered and appropriated. Under these circumstances can only express a respectful wish that the Government may quickly recover it.

## "A FEARFUL TRADE."

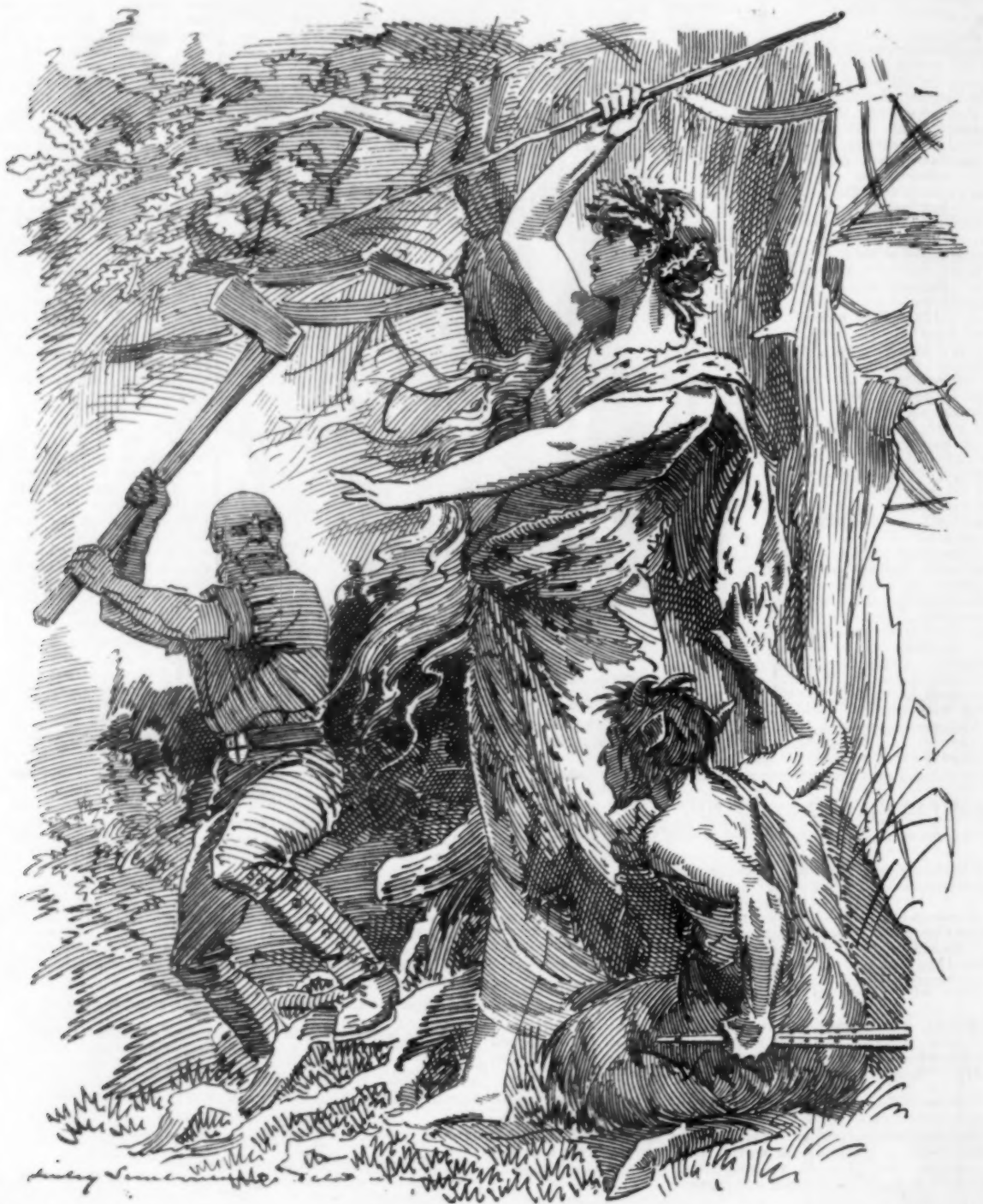
SIR.—I came across this in a newspaper:—

"On account of whom it may concern. On Friday next, the 6th inst., at the Law Association Rooms, Cook Street, Liverpool, at 1 P.M.—About 215 bales GREY DOMESTICS, Ex "Germanie" (s), lying West Side Langton Dock, Liverpool. For further particulars, &c."

But I see I am too late in asking you to use your influence to stop this sale. What a dreadful finish for these aged servitors! Please do your best to prevent this sad traffic and receive the thanks of

Yours truly,

A SHOCKED DOMESTIC.



THE VERDERER'S VISION;  
OR, THE EPPING HAMADRYAD'S APPEAL.

# THE VERDERER'S VISION; OR, THE EPPING HAMADRYAD'S APPEAL.

"Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood?"  
E. A. FOR.

*The Vigilant Verderer heareth in Vision a Voice  
from an Epping "Talking Oak."*

SPARE, Woodman, spare my tree! Good  
Civic Verderer,  
Let Nature and her Nymphs move thee to  
pity!

Pan's rule swift narrows; wouldst thou play  
the murderer  
To the poor Muses' train? Thou hast the  
City.

The formal urban park, the prim town-garden,  
To play the pedant with, with square and  
angle;

Leave London its last patch of genuine Arden,  
The winding wood-walk and the untrimmed  
tangle.

Lovers of lavish leafery and branch-mazes,  
Of bosky brushwood and tumultuous  
bracken,

Echo my plea, and wait to pour forth praises  
On him who bids the axe and saw to slacken  
In their too sweeping work. Sweet Nature's  
fashion

Of opulent overgrowth and rich disorder,  
May need some check, but the Boottian  
passion

For rectilinear road and rigid border,  
The butcher-love of felling, topping, lopping,  
Trunk pollarding, and blundering branch-  
maiming;

The clumsy gardener-rage for random chop-  
ping,

The cockney taste for trimming and for  
training,—

These, Verderer, need the Nature-lover's  
checking.

The winning charm of wildness is a rapture  
Art cannot give. The jocund wild birds,  
pecking

And jargonizing at large are spoilt by  
capture;

The clipped hedge chills, the straight drawn  
alley sickens;

The sapling lopped, the tall tree mutilated,  
Enrage and sadden every heart that quickens  
At Pan's spontaneous pipings. Am I fated,  
I and my true, tree-loving, Ariel-footed,

Free company of Wood-nymphs, to be  
banished

Each from the tree wherewith since first it  
rooted

Our being blent? Nay Verderer! Pan  
hath vanished

And neither charms nor frights the holiday  
comers,

Who dance not as the fauns did; but the  
sweetness,

The glad home-feeling, born of countless  
summers

And long, wild, windy winters; the com-  
pleteness

Of the green earth's inimitable glory,  
Soul-restful raptness, and rich, low-voiced  
quiet;

The pregnant peace of forest king-crowds  
hoary,

Which even satyr mirth and cockney riot  
Cannot destroy,—these woodlands still are  
haunted

By those glad graces! Let these glades  
unbroken

Still keep some semblance of the woods en-  
chanted

Of Arden and Broceliande!

Be it spoken,  
The word that checks the axe-fall. Wood-  
man spare us!

My oak perchance is old, grey-boll'd, age-  
eaten,



## AFTER THE THEATRICALS.

"WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU TELL THAT APPALLING LITTLE CAD THAT HE OUGHT TO  
HAVE TROD THE BOARDS OF ANCIENT GREECE? YOU SURELY DIDN'T REALLY ADMIRE HIS  
ACTING?" "OH NO! BUT, YOU KNOW, THE GREEK ACTORS USED TO WEAR MASKS!"

But it yet spreads brave greenery. Do not  
tear us

Untimely from dear earth. Sun-warmed,  
gale-beaten

Long centuries through, he yet can breast  
the thunder,

And drink the shower this many and many  
a season;

Shelter sport-heated holiday groups there-  
under.

And harbour warbling bird-choirs! 'Twere  
sheer treason

To noble woodcraft, as to woodland lovers,  
To fell or maim this monarch prematurely.

Nay; while the dove o'er its spread branches  
hovers,

Let the tree stand; let Faunus pipe securely  
At quiet morn in its cool shade, shy hidden

In uncleared undergrowth of tangled  
greenery;

Let axe and saw and billhook be forbidden  
To turn these bosky breadths of forest  
scenery

To a trim-planted, straight-walk'd park.  
Oh, listen

To the fond Wood-nymph's plaint and its  
And gladness in a thousand eyes shall glisten,

The Nature-lover's gratitude be your  
guerdon.

## IN ROTTEN ROW.

(To Althea, from "Wandering Willie.")

WHEN the Row is in its pride,  
When the riders come and go,

Though I can't afford to ride,  
Is it not a pretty show?

With a glint of golden hair  
Goes a rider fleet and fair.

We have never spoken yet,  
Often as you've ridden by,

Only once your eyes I met,  
And you bowed and so did I.

Still—I wonder if you know  
Why I walk in Rotten Row!



## AT A CATTLE MARKET.

AN AUTUMN REMINISCENCE.

SCENE—A large open space near a cathedral town. Fat old farmers in white hats, and smart young farmers in Newmarket coats and neat riding boots; elderly shepherds in blue, grey, and white smocks. From time to time there is a stampede of bewildered bullocks, whose hind legs are continually getting hitched over each other's horns. Connoisseurs lean over pen-rails and examine pigs reverently, as if they were Old Masters. Others prod them perfunctorily. The pigs bear these inconveniences meekly, as part of the penalty of greatness. Sheep look over one another's shoulders and chew nervously on one side of their mouths.

BY THE PIG-PENS.

First Enthusiast. Did y' iver see such a ewe as that theer? I niver did, and (aggressively) naw moor go' didn't neither, 'ENERY, did ye now?

'ENERY (unimpressed). I don't see naw 'dvantage in heving pigs so big as that theer.

First Enth. Big! She's like a elephant! Theer's a lop ear now—weighs thutty-four ston if she weighs a hounce, she do!

[The Sow grunts complacently.

'ENERY. Ah, I 'ad one loike 'er, I 'ad. Eat three bucketsful a day, she did, and (with a sense of unforgettable injury) mis'able little pegs she 'ad with it all!

Second Enth. I go in fur Berkshire myself. But Sussex are very good; they scale so much better 'n they look; full o' flesh they are—weigh a good ston moor nor ye'd take 'em fur, and then they cut up so well! (With a dreamy tenderness.) Yes, I'm fond o' they Sussexes, I am—very fond o' 'em!

A Dealer (trying to dispose of a litter of small black pigs). Seven good ole stiddy little pigs! I don't care 'oo buys 'em (as if he usually required the strictest testimonials to character). I must sell 'em. Pig-buyin' to-day, Sir? You'd better 'ave that little lot, Sir.

[Persuasively, to a Passer-by, who however appears to think he had much better not.

BY THE SHEEP-PENS.

Intending Purchaser (to Seller). What d'ye earl them yoes now? Southdowns?

[He fixes his eyes on the Cathedral spire, and awaits the next move.

Seller (after watching a rook out of sight, stirs up the sheep meditatively, and decides on candour). Well—'bout aaff an' aaff.

Int. Purch. Old yoes—well, ye know, 'taint like young yoes, be it now?

Seller (when he has finished shredding tobacco in the palm of his hand). That's true enough.

Int. Purch. I dunno as I can do wi' any moor shep just now, if 'twas iver so.

Seller (listlessly). Can't ye, now? Theer's bin a gen'lman from Leicestershire 'ere, wawntin' me to run 'im off a dozen or so—fur his perk, d'ye see?

Int. Purch. (with unaffected incredulity). Ah.

[A protracted silence, employed by each in careful inspection of his boots.

Seller (addressing space). They're a tidy lot o' yoes.

Int. Purch. (as if this was a new view of them, which would require consideration). Come off o' your own farm?

Seller. Druv 'em in myself this very marnin'.

Int. Purch. Ah. (A pause apparently spent in mental calculation.) What might ye be askin' for 'un now?

Seller. For them yoes?

Int. Purch. Ah.

Seller (falls into a brown study, from which he at length emerges to tap the nearest ewe on the forehead and expectorate). I wawnt five-an'-twenty shellin' a yoad for them yoes.

Int. Purch. Five-an'-twenty?

Seller. Ah, that's what I wawnt. [A longer silence than ever.

Int. Purch. I s'pose ye aint seen ole JIM 'ARROWS 'bout 'ere this marnin', hev ye?

[After some further preliminaries of this kind the moment at length arrives at which a bargain can be struck without any suggestion of unbecoming haste on either side.

First Rustic (just out of the County Hospital). An' they putt me under that theer chlorryfum—an' I simmed to go right oop into 'Evin—yes, I wur oop in 'Evin fur a toime, sure 'nough.

Second Rustic (with interest). An' did ye 'ear a pianner?

Elderly Farmer (who is being applied to for the character of his late shepherd). No, I never 'ad no fault to find wi' the fellow—(conscientiously) not as I knows on. He unnerstan's shep—I will say that fur 'en—he's a rare 'un at doctorin' o' 'em, too. An' a stiddy chap an' that, keps a civil tongue in 'is yead, and don't go away on the booze. No, I aint got nawthen to say 'gainst th' man.

The Inquirer. Would ye hev any objection to sayin' why ye 're partin' wi' 'en?

Eld. F. Well, I dunno as theer was any partickler reason for 't. (He endeavours to think of one in a puzzle-headed way.) I s'pose I must ha' thowt I'd make a bit of a shift like—and theer ye hev it.

First Stock-breeder (to Second). Well, an' how's Muster SPUDDOCK to-day?

Muster Spuddock. Oh, 'mong th' middlins—'mong th' middlins. Pretty well fur an old 'un!

First Stockbr. An' how's trade with you, eh?

Muster Sp. (beaming). Oh, nawthen 'doin'—nawthen 'doin' 'tall!

First Stockbr. (with equal cheerfulness). Same 'ere, Sir—same 'ere. On'y thing that's got money has been th' dead meat.

Muster Sp. (without appearing to envy the dead meat on this account). Ah, that's it. Ye can't reckon on moor nor thruppence, —an' your own expenses, i' course.

First Stockbr. An' thet's borderin' nigh on fowerpence; an' when it comes to two pound a bullock—!

[They shake their heads with an unsuccessful attempt to look lugubrious at these cryptic considerations.

Muster Sp. Well, well; sheep-food's goin' to be plentiful, too, right up to Christmas.

First Stockbr. That's the way to look on it.

[They go off to dine at the ordinary, with a sense that matters might be worse.

## ELECTION MEM. FOR MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

OWEN proved payin', though no doubt run hard!  
The WYNN-ticket was not the true winning card!

BAD TIMES.—"Ah," says Mr. SHORT, on 'Change, "no going abroad this year for me and my family. No Swiss tour. 'Point d'argent, point de Suisse."

SO NICE OF HER!—"He is not mad," said Mrs. R., charitably explaining the strange conduct of a friend; "he is suffering from a trumpery abrasion of the intellect."



"at old farmers in white hats."

## TO PHYLLIS.

*In Fashionable Attire.*

I LIKE your bow—or is it called a tie?  
That's just the kind of thing I never know.  
Perhaps it is because I never try—  
I like your bow.

Somehow I fancy that it seems to go  
Extremely well with what you're wearing. I  
Delight in harmonies of colour—though  
These reasons up to now are all my eye.  
The only true one I've still space to show.  
You wear it, Sweetheart. That's the reason why  
I like your bow.

## AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

BEING a bit of an impressionable myself, and understanding that Goupil Gallery contains best one-horse show of its kind, went to take a stereoscopic view of same. Find that I am misled about one-horse business; actually quite a herd of steers. Always regarded impressionist as one who gives you his impression of a thing, and leaves you to form yours of his. Here, however, is artist giving his impressions of a lot of other impressionists' impressions of things, and leaving you to form yours of his or theirs. Sort of iridescent palimpsest.

Natural, perhaps, in one who has plainly travelled a good deal—to the Isle of Wight, for instance, and even Boulogne-sur-Mer. Notice no fewer than six out of a total of forty-four pictures admittedly inspired by this classic watering-place. You will begin with No. 1. It is the Casino at Boulogne, and the catalogue says it is the property of T. HUMPHREY WARD, Esq. In that case let me tell this gentleman that I very strongly disapprove of the system of *Petits Cheraux* as practised on his property. Have calculated the chances, and find that bank makes 91 per cent. on all moneys laid on table. Should have complained to Mr. WARD before, but was under impression that Casino was worked by local Municipality; otherwise

could not account for public gambling-table being allowed in country where it is illegal. No. 23 shows the Hotel Imperiale at the same resort. Observe that all the windows have been plastered up since I was there. Pathetic touch in foreground—black man bathing. No ocean, nor all the House of Peers will ever rectify this Ethiopian's skin! Do not easily weep, but was honestly affected at this thought. "Boulogne—evening" (No. 25) has also human appeal in it. So have I seen this harbour, biliously patchy, impossibly crooked, after an expurgative passage from Folkestone. "Boulogne Sands" (No. 32), are, I see, the property of Professor BROWN. But professor of what? For professors are many, but performers few; chiefly on the tight-rope are they found together. And for that any sand is bad, but this sort of sand very bad. Again I ask myself if Mr. Brown's property includes the figures. If so, his responsibility is indeed great, and I offer him my respectful sympathy. If he will accept my advice as well, he will hang the picture the other way up. Sand, sea, and sky are all pretty indifferently ribbed, and I think the figures would be perceptibly improved by the change. The gentleman that owns the pier (No. 43) might perhaps have the structure raised a little. At present it dips into the sea at one corner. Have thought this may represent the levelling process of which the Radicals speak. Also there are figures on the pier that would improve the picture if they were removed. Am not a draughtsman myself, but should certainly draw the line somewhere short of the length of these young people's femora. No. 38 is the pier—no, *peer*—of the other. Girls running (the catalogue says they are "girls," and "running") are shown in strong sunlight. A vivid thing, and true to Nature in at least one particular. Could never bear to look at strong sunlight; could not bear to look at this picture.

Still on foreign tour, we approach Isle of Wight in No. 2. Here we have Steer at sea (*vitulus marinus*). Naturally enough, off Cowes, with bulls'-eyes distributed along shore. No. 15 gives an Iceberg race run in strong pea-soup, and watched by NANSKY, FRANKLIN, and others, as seen in foreground insecurely balanced on—is it a whale, or only backed like a weasel? Observe that it is the property of Miss JANE HARRISON. Have great respect for this lady as authority on Greek Art. This Art also Greek to me.

Walk up to charming girl seated on sofa; curious to know more

about her. Look in catalogue and find that she is "*Croquet*." Am prepared for a good deal, but have doubts this time of the purity of my vision. Closer investigation shows part of ticket to be concealed behind frame. Actual title of picture (No. 34, not 4) proves to be "*The Sofa*," lurid light thrown on subject by this revelation practically clearing up lady's past history. Turn to the real No. 4 ("*Croquet*"). Find more children, as happy and careless as the artist, sporting ankle-deep beside sea. Have heard of Olympian races run in deep sand, but never remember croquet played under these conditions. "*Bathing-machines*" (No. 13) recalls Mr. Punch's prehistoric peep—"No Bathing to-day." This time it is the shore that is covered with horrid creeping things. "*In a Wood*" (No. 40) gives similar effects. Lady, properly terrified, kneels deprecatingly to vast army of green beetles, begging them not to

Much attracted to delightful young person in No. 3. Reminds me of subject of my unpublished Irish ballad:—

My MOLLY she'd the natest waist,  
And chokes like cherries at a faist,  
So soft to touch, so swate to taste, &c.

Pleased to find title of same beginning "*Molle meum*." So far so good; but continues darkly as follows:—

levibus cor est violabile telis,  
Et semper causa est cur ego semper amem.

Inspect picture carefully to detect bullet-marks. Find some half-dozen on background; really excellent shots but a little wide to the right. Interested to recognise same lady in No. 44. Besieging party in this case much more successful. Figure completely covered with pellets. Caught napping, which may account for it. Note also, that she has changed hands and become the property of another gentleman. Seems consistent with description of her eclectic temperament.

Am finally petrified before No. 42. Commonly amuse myself at impressionist collections by guessing subject of picture before referring to catalogue. Remember one at Grafton Gallery last year which I took to be the green-room of the Folies Bergères, and found that artist thought it was Sunday morning in Sweden. Proceed to speculate on abysmally despondent girl in No. 42. Has she also just crossed from Folkestone? Is it the liver (absinthe, perhaps) or "is there a nearer one yet and a dearer," that has played her false? Cannot endure further suspense, and so look in catalogue. Answer—"Girl in a large hat." Wonder that I had not thought of that before. See that she is the property of GEORGE MOORE, Esq., who has taken us into his confidence in the *Speaker*, and says that she has been his for now several months, and that he grows fonder of her every day. Thank Heaven, I have a soul above envy, and I sign myself,

ONE MORE (OR LESS) IMPRESSIONABLE.

## PEERS, IDLE PEERS!

*Or, The Wail of the Elded Sons.*

[MR. GEORGE CURZON, MR. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, and LORD WOLMER (in the Nineteenth Century), lament the doom of eldest sons of Peers, prospective banishment from the Commons and burial in the Lords.]

PEERS, idle Peers! I well know what *that* means.

Peers! Oh, it fills me with divine despair.

Hearing the "Noes," and listening to the "Ayes,"  
And looking on those happy Commons seats,  
And thinking I may soon sit there no more.

Fresh is the first cheer, rising like "All hail!"  
When one is brought into the Lower House.

Sad is the last which murmurs over one,  
Who sinks, with all the chance of fun, *upstairs!*  
So sad 'twill be when we sit here no more!

Ah, sad and strange, amidst the robes and lawns,  
The peevish pipe of half-awakened Peers  
On age-dulled ears, and dim and drowsy eyes,  
'Midst owlish moans and glimmering despair!  
How dull our doom when we sit here no more!

Dear as remembered "sprints" when scant o' breath

Will be those cheers, by hopeless fancy feigned

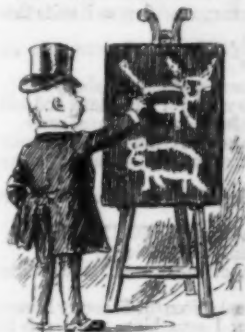
From lips that shout for others. Kicked upstairs!

Ah, there, above, we'll mourn with wild regret,

'Midst Death in Life, the days that are no more!

## THE UNION JACK OVER THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Flag that flies in any But flags, like men of stoutish  
fray kind,  
Will last to fly another day; Must fail to fly for lack of wind.





### IT'S AN EAST WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

"HERE COMES THE CARRIAGE, MAUD! FANCY HAVING TO GO AND PAY CALLS IN SUCH WEATHER! IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE ONE ONE'S DEATH OF COLD!"

"WORSE THAN THAT, MOTHER! EVERYBODY'S SURE TO BE IN!"

### LEMON-SQUASH.

Know ye the land where the tax-papers  
hurtle,  
And rates will run up, e'en though incomes  
run down?  
Where the people of culture, the lovers of  
turtle,  
Don't pay their full whack, whilst the poor  
are done brown.  
Know ye the land of distraint, fee and fine?  
Where the taxes still swell, and the rates  
ne'er decline;  
Where the little shop slave in his little back  
room,  
Waxes faint as his lilac trees burst into bloom;  
Since in spring Schedule D is in angry  
pursuit,

And the voice of the Tax-grabber never is  
mute;  
Where the tint of the summons resembles the  
sky,  
Though the heavenly suggestion is just all  
my eye;  
And it "gives you the blues" of the dis-  
mallest dye;  
Where 'tis Seven pence now (and next year  
may be Nine);  
Yet men haven't the spirit to kick up a shine!  
'Tis the clime of much fog, and occasional  
sun,—  
Can he shine on the deeds that Exchequers  
have done?  
Ah! wild are men's looks, as they answer  
the bell, [they tell]  
And a tender heart aches at the tales that

What word whispers low on spring's easterly  
breeze?  
The old word of command from the Treasury  
—"Squeeze!"  
'Tisn't music to millionaires dwelling at ease,  
But to the hard-uppish 'tis horror; hearts  
freeze  
At that voice of the Treasury Vampire—  
"Squeeze! Squeeze!"  
Oh! the rack is not nice, but a rose-bed 'tis  
found  
To the torture of lord knows how much in  
the pound  
Which out of poor strugglers is annually  
ground  
On the harsh Inland Revenue Ghoul's yearly  
round.  
And they shorten your grace, and it comes in  
one lump,  
And they tighten the screw, harder pull at  
the pump,  
Till it makes your brain whirl, and it makes  
your heart thump,  
And gives you what ends call "the bloomin'  
old hump!"  
Every year makes it worse; they are stuck-  
up and starch;  
What in August you paid, you must now pay  
in March,  
For the gold-stream must flow as it suits them  
to pump it,  
And if you don't like it, of course you can  
"lump it."  
Ah! pity the worries—though nobody *will*!—  
Of the poor little victim of Tax, Rate, and Bill!  
If quidnunes indulge in a big naval scare,  
Or a summer too hot bids rum-vendors despair;  
The income-tax payer, though nigh "stony-  
broke,"  
Must expect a fresh "squeeze" as the crown  
of the joke!  
Squeeze! SQUEEZE!! SQUEEZE!!!  
You may shrink as you please,  
You poor little, often-drained, much-wilted  
lemon;  
Your sighs will not soften the Treasury Demon.  
For squeezing and squashing, you see, is his  
trade,  
And he cannot conduct it without *Lemon-aid*!  
And be sure he won't slacken the lever or screw,  
While he thinks he can drain a drop more out  
of you!

### ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

A CERTAIN man and a lion, who considered  
himself just domestic enough but not too  
domestic, were journeying together and dis-  
puting, as is the wont of fellow-travellers.

"At any rate, we agree thus far," said the  
man, "that fitness for ladies' society must  
accompany every claim to domesticity."

The lion was graciously pleased to assent.

"Then just you listen to this," continued  
the man, producing a pocket-volume of SHAKS-  
PEARE and reading in a triumphant tone:—"A  
lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing!"

The chivalrous beast was taken aback some-  
what.

"And this," he sighed, "despite your  
former belief and admission that we have ever  
been in the habit of treating young ladies, who  
deserve it, with peculiar respect! However,  
this is only your statement of your case after  
all. Pray let me have your patient attention  
for one moment now. You have, of course,  
read or heard about a certain affair at West-  
minster, where, in addition to a heavy whip,  
an iron-spiked pole, 'not to put too fine a  
point on it,' is at least *en évidence*. Well, so  
have we. You have only to wait until we lions  
turn authors, and you will discover that we  
hold just the contrary opinion to yours. I  
doubt not that our greatest poet, when he  
arrives, will put it that 'a lady among lions  
is a most dreadful thing.'"





### LEMON-SQUASH.

WILLIAM H-ERBERT (*the Barman*). "WONDER IF I CAN SQUEEZE ANY MORE OUT OF HIM?"







## A POINT TO THE GOOD.

SCENE—Immediately after a Point-to-Point Race.

Friend (to Rider of Winner). "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, THAT WAS A CLOSE RACE! THOUGHT YOU WERE BEATEN JUST ON THE POST."  
 Rider (Irish). "FAITH, ME BOY, THAT DIMONSTRATES THE ADVANTAGE OF A BIG HORSE; FOR, IF YE SAW THE TAIL OF HIM A THIRBLE BEHIND, SHURE THE OTHER END OF HIM WAS A WEE BIT IN FRONT!"

## SPRING'S HARBINGERS.

(By a Valetudinarian Villa-Resident.)

Oh yes, I know the Cuckoo is cuckooing  
 (At least they tell me so in all the papers),  
 And that the sun the bursting buds is wooing  
 (The butcher's son's performing similar  
 capers  
 With my new maid down by the snug side-  
 entry).  
 I know the violets are coyly peeping  
 (Not that I ever in chill woods stand sentry  
 To catch them from the clammy mosses  
 creeping),  
 I know that primroses are "popping up"  
 (Like old ex-premiers), that suburban codgers  
 Are tittivating-up each dull old shop again  
 With "Latest Style Spring Goods!" (the  
 artful dodgers!).  
 I know that facias are being fresh painted  
 (For at the horrid stink of oil and  
 turpentine  
 From our next neighbour's front I nearly  
 fainted),  
 I know young fools are bathing in the  
 Serpentine  
 (The very notion makes a man feel shivery);  
 And poet's heart for Spring's green livery  
 throbbing  
 (It doesn't move my heart, but makes me  
 "livery").  
 I know lawn-mowers poor, and gardeners  
 Peripatetic pests, announce the season  
 By keeping my door-bell in constant  
 tingle,  
 And robbing me of my last ray of reason.  
 I know that crocuses and crock-shards  
 mingle

Upon my "lawn" (when the street-boys will  
 let 'em),  
 I know that "All-a-blowing!" roughs are  
 howling  
 For my old "duds"—(I wish that they may  
 get 'em!)  
 I know predacious hearthstone-boys are  
 prowling  
 Once more at early morn about my premises.  
 But there's one "harbinger" beyond all  
 others  
 That visits me, a very Vernal Nemesis,  
 And "Spring's delights" in mortal misery  
 smothering.  
 Howl on ye hawkers of "fine plants a-grow-  
 ing!"  
 I'll not be drawn by your stentorian  
 shindies.  
 The one true "plant" I know that's all  
 a-blowing  
 That vernal (and infernal) dashed East  
 Wind is!

## MORE WIGS THAN LAW.

SCENE—A Law Court in the Strand. Over-  
 worked Judge on the Bench. Well filled  
 with Solicitors, and Desks "reserved  
 for Counsel" crowded with Barristers.  
 Mr. BRIEFLESS conspicuous by his absence,  
 and even Junior Bar sparingly repre-  
 sented.

His Lordship. Now, gentlemen, I must  
 beg you to act with expedition, as I have an  
 immense list to get through.

First Counsel. May it please your Lord-  
 ship, but there is an important case that  
 should have been tried in another Court, but  
 owing to the absence of his Lordship on busi-  
 ness elsewhere, it cannot be reached. Would

your Lordship have any objection to its being  
 added to your own list?

His Lordship. Very sorry, but utterly im-  
 possible. I have already told you that I have  
 more to do than I can manage. I would be  
 only too pleased to assist any of my Brothers,  
 but unfortunately it is out of my power.

Second Counsel. I was about to make a  
 similar application to your Lordship.

Third Counsel. And so was I, my Lord.

Fourth Counsel. And I, too, if your Lord-  
 ship pleases.

His Lordship. Extremely sorry, but it is  
 utterly impossible.

Leader of the Bar. If I might venture to  
 intervene, my Lord, I would suggest that Mr.  
 Justice — is sitting to-day at the Guild-  
 hall, and from what I am told, is likely, I  
 believe, to get through his list rather rapidly.

His Lordship. I am much obliged to you.  
 I will consult with my Brother at the Guild-  
 hall. (Speaks through the telephone.) I have  
 an awful lot to do, can't you help me?

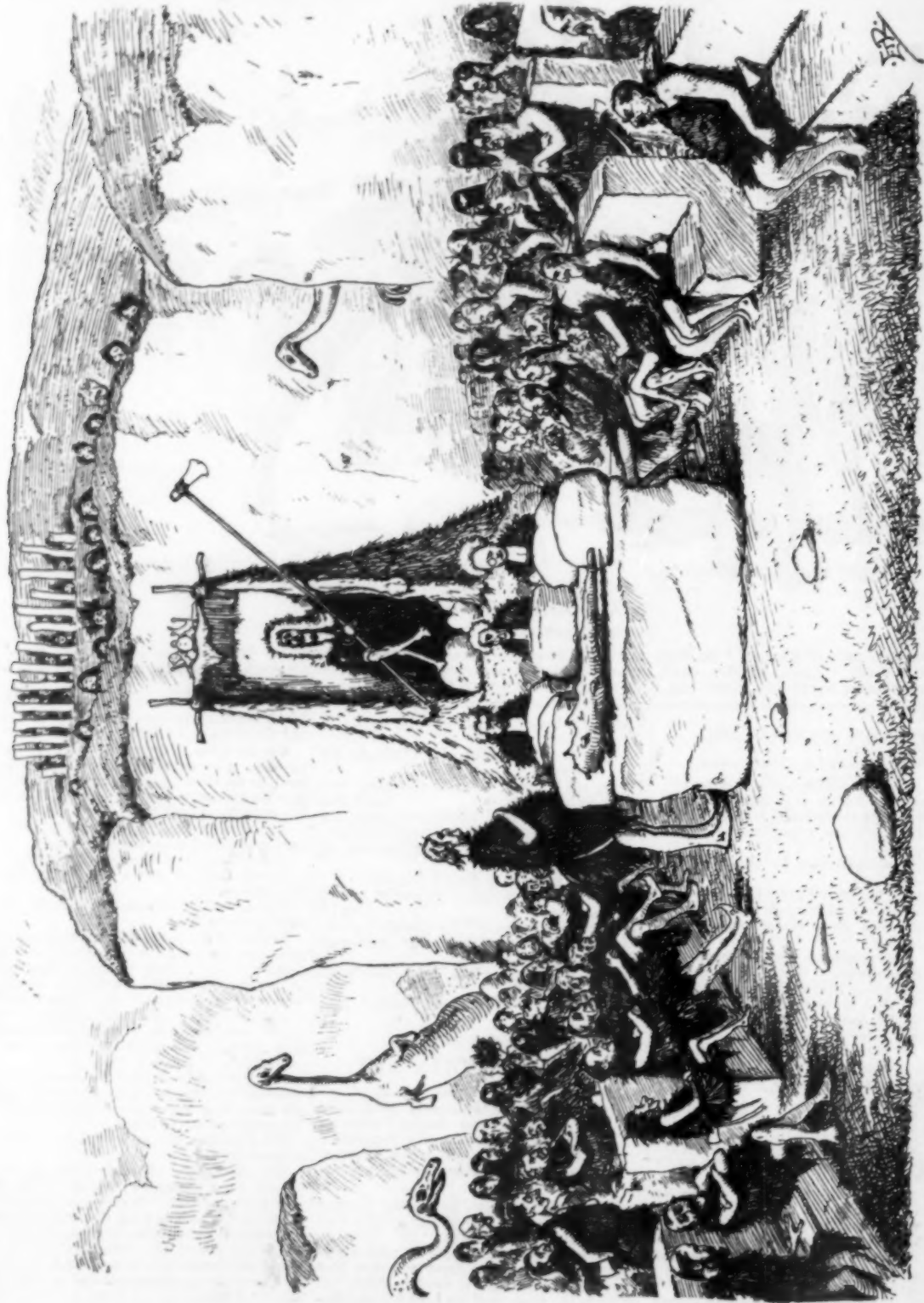
His Lordship's Brother at the Guildhall  
 (through telephone). Very sorry, but can't  
 get away from here. Very dull work, but it  
 keeps me tied to the bench.

His Lordship (through telephone). What is  
 your work?

His Lordship's Brother (through tele-  
 phone). I am engaged in trying to kill flies  
 with a paper-knife. There are not many flies  
 at this season of the year, but they are more  
 numerous than the cases in my cause list.

His Lordship (addressing his Court). I am  
 afraid my Brother can do nothing to help me,  
 so I must go on single-handed as well as I  
 can.

[Scene closes in upon a view of legal  
 congestion.]

**PREHISTORIC PEEPS.**

A COMPARATIVELY QUIET BUDGET NIGHT IN THE PRIMEVAL PARLIAMENT.



### DOUGHT JUDGES TO SLEEP IN COURT.

DEAR SIR,—You will remember that some short time since I promised at an early opportunity to recur (of course with your kind permission) to the question with which I have headed this letter. I wish at once to say that the effect of my previous reference to the subject has been extraordinary, to put it at the lowest. One learned Judge, not unknown for his fondness for tempering justice (to others) with forty winks (for himself), took occasion, in a case in which at a moment's notice I held a brief for a friend, to say that I had conducted it with "the ability and knowledge which we always expect and get from Mr. COUNSEL." It was the first time I had ever practised before him in my life. Another Judge, whose reputation for slumber never sleeps, asked my wife and myself to dinner on the ground that he fancied my father and he were College contemporaries. My father, as a fact, never went to College, but that did not prevent me going to the dinner. A third Judge even went so far as to give me a judgment in a case in which I was clearly out of Court. As I had pledged my reputation to this effect to my client, who had steadily taken an opposite view, the Judge's attention to me was a cruel kindness.

Such have been the attempts which have been made to stave off the evil day, but I am nothing if not incorruptible. The compliment, the dinner, and the judgment were all equally extremely pleasant, and I am loth to repay kindness by the exposure of what after all is a very natural—shall I say failing? But, after all, one has a duty to the public, and the proposition of law which I want to make good is, that no judge ought to sleep on the bench for longer than, say, half an hour at a time. I assume that there *must* be sleep, because my observation leads me to see that to look for any other condition of affairs is hopeless.

There are wide-awake Judges, of course; just as there are white blackbirds. The general position is, however, clear. The right of a Judge to sleep on the Bench is regarded as an inalienable privilege, to take advantage of which is not only natural but meritorious. If you go into Court—especially in the afternoon—it's pretty well an even chance that you will find his Lordship—well, not awake.

I notice that a discussion has lately taken place as to the best method of waking Judges under these circumstances. The best method would appear to be a violent forensic fight between counsel—a "put up job," designed to arouse the Court. I know another equally good—to stop the case absolutely. I well remember the effect of this on one occasion. The Judge had slept heavily. Slowly he woke, to find that the witness had been accommodated with a seat, and that the learned "silks" and "stuffs" were busily engaged conferring with their clients in other cases. The Judge saw what had happened, and, with imperturbable gravity, said, "I think we'll take the adjournment now." But it was noticed that the incident robbed his Lordship of his sleep for weeks afterwards.

There I leave the matter. I only wish to add that, when I am elevated to the Bench, I fully intend to carry out the best traditions associated with the ermine—by sleeping.—Yours faithfully,

102, Temple Gardens, E. C.

L. ERNEST COUNSEL.

REGICIDE AND BICYCLING.—On Thursday in last week the King of the BELGIANS, while riding on a bicycle, was shot . . . . . off into a rhododendron bush.

TES(N)ANT-RIGHT.—The new M.P. for Berwickshire (not to mention the coming Mrs. ASQUITH).



FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

"ARE YOU A PROTESTANT? I NEVER HIRE A CAR UNLESS IT'S DRIVEN BY A PROTESTANT."

"WELL, MA'AM, I'M NOT A PROTESTANT MYSELF—BUT SURE ME HORSE IS!" "YOU'RE A VERY IMPERTINENT PERSON!"

"WELL, MA'AM, I'M SURE OF IT; FOR I'VE BEEN DRIVIN' HIM TWO YEARS, AND HE'S NEVER BEEN DOWN ON HIS KNEES YET!"

vulgarism, which is, says our own etymological professor, simply a perversion of "*Elle et lui*." "*Lui*" is individualised as "*Tommy*," and an aspirate has been prefixed to "*elle*." The other evening this expression, with the verb "*played*" before it, was used in a new comedy at the — Theatre,—well, never mind the name, but it must have been a Very "Independent Theatre."

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.—Some uneasiness in official quarters as to what course THE MACGREGOR might take. On eve of adjournment for Easter Holidays he formally and publicly intimated to Leader of House that, certain of his injunctions and recommendations having been slighted, he "would not be responsible for peace in the Highlands." The fact that the SQUIRE sits for Derby makes him peculiarly susceptible. "HISTORICUS," of all men, not likely to forget how, in similar crisis, the Highlanders swept through the dales and beleaguered Derby. Reports from secret police, who, in various guises, have followed THE MACGREGOR since he sounded his pibroch, state that he spent Sunday with his foot on his native Heath (Hampstead). Asked his name he curtly responded "MACGREGOR."

This undoubtedly looks bad; but there is ever disposition to exaggerate in times of commotion. Whether THE MACGREGOR, taking note of the activity of the police, has postponed warlike demonstration, or whether the whole scare is due to guilty conscience acting upon imaginative disposition is question differently viewed. What is certain is, that THE MACGREGOR to-day presented himself in the ordinary modest dress with which he used to lend an air of respectability to Penrith, what time he was Medical Officer and Public Vaccinator for the district. This again may be a ruse designed to throw the SQUIRE off his guard, and circumvent the police. Whilst appearances are satisfactory it would not be wise to forget that THE MACGREGOR's words remain on record unrecalled. The House of Commons and a reckless Ministry have been told that in continuance of certain circumstances he (THE MACGREGOR) will not be responsible for peace in the Highlands.

### LAST SUMMER'S STRAW HAT.

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

They don't concern me.

Where is that old straw

hat of ninety-three,

Cool to my fevered brow

tho' sunshine burn me,

Hot as can be?

April has come, not April

changeful, chilling;

Showers, cold winds, slight

snow we do not fear;

Summer-like sun brings me-

mories of grilling

Days of last year.

Where is my old straw hat?

This springtime summer

Tempts one from toppers.

Buds are on the limes,

Hedgerows grow green, the

cuckoo, early comer,

Sings—see *The Times*,

Ah, here it is! Ye Gods, it

is a colour!

Just what the artists of the

"halls" prefers,

Choosing her hair—perhaps a

trifle duller,

Darker than hers.

Hers is that lemon shade,

astounding, glaring,

This is a browner gold.

That hat would shock

Ole clo'men's nerves; I am

reduced to wearing

My billycock.

FRENCH ORIGINALS AND

ENGLISH ADAPTATION.—In no

instance is this more apparent

than in a certain 'Arry-like

A sense of something darkly impending from the back bench where THE MACGREGOR sits, looking wiser than mortal man ever was, cast a gloom over what should have been genial debate. TREVELYAN moved resolution remitting Scotch business to Grand Committee of Scotch Members, with fifteen hapless foreigners thrown in with prospect of a session's serious enjoyment. With all the skill of a master of literary art TREVELYAN drew picture of halcyon times in Grand Committee room. Orators Scotch; audience Scotch; seventy-two Scotchmen all told, with fifteen feeble Southrons ill with haggis. No passage in the most delightful of modern biographies more finished or more effective.

"Mon!" said DONALD MACPARLANE, furtively wiping away a tear with dexterous fling of the last half yard of his beard, "it's delicious. It promises the fullest possible realisation of Paradise Regained."

The effect, though swift and marked, was but momentary. PRINCE ARTHUR, stirred to the depths, flashed forth a brilliant reply. Then Scotch Members took the floor, and the rest went forth on the Terrace or in the Tea-room to think over what they might possibly be going to say.

*Business done.*—TREVELYAN sketches a Parliamentary Elysium.

*Tuesday.*—ALBERT ROLLIT is the gentleman whom a Conservative, angered at some evidence of independence, bit off in a phrase that hugely delighted the party. "The proposal," he said, alluding to a motion before the House, "receives the support of gentlemen sitting on this side of the House; it is approved by gentlemen who sit on the other side; and it is accepted by the Member for South Islington, who endeavours to sit on both sides of the House."

That, meant as a sneer, was really tribute to judicial mind, and freedom from party servility. ROLLIT delivered admirable speech to-night in support of Motion for Select Committee to inquire whether anything can be done to improve procedure of House. DILKE, another model of the judicial mind, supported him. GRANDOLPH, strangely angered at suggestion, replied with great vigour to speeches which ROLLIT and DILKE from time to time insisted they had not made. GRANDOLPH knew better, and pounded away. Whilst objecting to taking this particular step towards altering Parliamentary procedure, he introduced an innovation of his own. Instead of referring to mover of Motion as "the Hon. Member for South Islington," he lightly alluded to him as "ROLLIT."

House almost convulsed with horror. You may, within certain bounds, say almost anything about a man in the Commons, but you must not mention his name.

Some time before House got over the shock. The consequent paralysis, though temporary, had probably something to do with what followed. The SQUIRE intended to take part in debate and state views and intentions of Government. When SPEAKER went out for his chop, SQUIRE followed, in search of modest refectory to support him in forthcoming effort. In his absence CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, overcoming habitual modesty, and reluctantly coming to front, undertook to keep the thing going. He decided against the motion. Rules of the House which had served for his forefathers—going back if not to spacious times of ELIZABETH, at least to the Commonwealth—would do for him. Having nobly sacrificed himself in the dinner-hour, the CAP'EN's audience, though fit, was few. Not to put too fine a point upon it, there were, including the SPEAKER, eleven. So remarkable was the effect of the CAP'EN's eloquence, that when he sat down it was felt there was nothing more to be said. The SPEAKER put the question; bells clanged through all the corridors; Members trooped in amazed to find debate that had promised to go on till midnight, concluded. With them, torn away abruptly from his hasty meal, came the SQUIRE, "his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction," as the CAP'EN profanely whispered in the ear of the abashed BARTLEY. Nothing to be done but to vote. Members, angry at being disturbed at their dinner, voted in a mass against the proposal. *Business done.*—Committee on Procedure refused by 136 votes against 41.

*Thursday.*—House set itself to-night to illustrate practice of How Not to Do It—It being business. Attempt a brilliant and encouraging success. Accident helped, but should not be permitted to detract from credit of managers of performance. Nearly three hours occupied in discussion of Private Bill. This possibility one of the

choicest surprises of Parliamentary procedure. A Member having in charge a piece of legislation more or less closely affecting welfare and prosperity of Empire, must take his chance at the ballot. May or may not find opening early or late in Session. But if his Bill deals with strictly private and commercial matters, the affairs of a water company, a railway company or the like, then he may name any day he pleases, and as soon as House has fortified itself with prayer the private Member takes possession of the place and holds it till his affairs and those of his company are settled.

To-night's sitting solemnly set apart for resumed debate on Scotch Grand Committee. Urgent

Whips out clamouring for attendance. Over five hundred Members in their places, having set aside all other engagements in response to Whip. Twelve o'clock Rule suspended as final precaution against opportunity slipping by. On ordinary days questions over by four o'clock; debate on Scotch Committee would have been thereupon resumed, and after eight hours further talk no one could have objected to division. But a private Water Company, desirous of extending its commercial undertaking, selects to-day for bringing on Second Reading of its Bill. There is no appeal. Imperial business takes a back seat; the Ministerial programme is peremptorily set aside; and through three hours of freshest portion of the sitting the tap of the East London Water Company serenely flows, submerging all prospect of making progress with public business.

"And yet," said Lord Justice O'BRIEN, surveying scene from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery (PETER was packed in amongst layers of Parliamentary agents), "they say the English are a nation of shopkeepers! Why there isn't a dealer in small wares who could keep his establishment going for a year on these principles."

*Business done.*—None. Alarums, excursions into the Division Lobby; hot words across the table between Leaders. GEORGE HAMILTON, temporarily abandoning the habit diligently pursued of tearing up bits of paper, suddenly rose, moved Adjournment, and tore to tatters last hope of doing any business. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, most immovable of men, hotly retorted. JOHN MORLEY, almost inarticulate with wrath, denounced proceedings as "greatest outrage ever witnessed on usages and proprieties of debate." "Sir," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, smiling with deadly sweetness; "the right hon. gentleman's indignation is entirely thrown away on this side of the table."

"I'm a goin' ma'am, ain't I?" said MRS. PRIG, stopping as she said it. "You had better ma'am," said MRS. GAMF. "Do you know who you're talking to, ma'am?" inquired her visitor. "Aperiently to BETSY PRIG," said MRS. GAMF. "Go along with you, I blush for you." "You had better blush a little for yourself while you are about it," said MRS. PRIG.

*Friday night.*—Having done no business yesterday, House made up for it to-night by getting itself counted out at a quarter-past eight. *Business done.*—None.

#### In Memoriam Loben.

POOR LORENGULA's dead! No fear  
Of captive fate now tracks him;  
'Tis vain to point a moral here,  
When others point a Maxim!

"THE BAR ASSOCIATION."—By a large majority, at a very full meeting, on Saturday last, it was decided that, in view of the expected exceptionally hot summer, the Chancery Bar, the Parliamentary Bar, the Common Law Bar, and the Criminal Bar, should all be assimilated in practice to the American Bar, where iced drinks are always ready. SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, as President, undertook to ascertain the best receipt for an Eye-Opener. The proceedings, which were of a somewhat dry character, were brought to a pleasant finish by the entrance of Conveyancers with draughts. Several eminent Queen's Counsel had brought their own "refreshers."



"Robbie" smiles.



A few practical Tips in "Whipping" from the Master of the Buckhounds. (Sketch in Lobby.)



OF ALL DEALERS.  
**Martell's**  
**"Three Star"**  
**Brandy.**

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.  
CAN BE OBTAINED WITH ASS AND GENUINE-  
TY GUARANTEED BY THE CANADIAN  
GOVERNMENT.

**CANADIAN**  
**CLUB**  
**WHISKY.**

Of all Wine  
Merchants.  
Genuine and pure,  
bottled under Govern-  
ment supervision.  
London Offices: 66 & 70, MARK LANE, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1790. Ay. France.  
**AMUSET'S**  
**HAMPAGNE.**  
The LANCET says:—"We have  
analyzed it and are able to give it  
unqualified praise. It is free from  
addition of any kind, and pos-  
sesses a very delicate flavor."  
Price, 75/- per doz. Cash.  
Delivered at any railway station in  
"U.K." From all Wine Merchants,  
66 & 70, MARK LANE, E.C.

THE  
**"G. B."**  
**DIABETES WHISKY**  
Contains no Sugar. Is not stored in Sherry Casks.  
For DIABETES, GOUT, and KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.  
"Certainly seems to deserve its name."—LANCET.  
48s. per Doz.  
CARRIAGE PAID.  
**GEO. BACK & CO.,**  
Devonshire Square, London.

EXTRA  
SPECIAL  
ELEVEN  
YEARS OLD  
**CARLTON**  
WHISKY  
25/- PER GALLON  
50/- PER DOZEN

This Grand Old Whisky is a blend of the produce  
of the most famous DISTILLERS in IRELAND.  
Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.  
**RICH'D. MATHEWS & CO.,**  
24 and 25, MARK ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.  
Sold by all Leading Merchants throughout  
Ireland and the Colonies.

PROMOTES  
THE HEALTHY  
ACTION OF  
THE SKIN  
**WRIGHT'S**  
**COAL**  
**TAR**  
**SOAP**  
TABLETS 6d.  
RECOMMENDED BY  
THE MEDICAL FACULTY

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.  
**SCRUBB'S (Candy) AMMONIA.**  
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.  
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for all Toilet purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.  
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.  
**SCRUBB & Co., 32a Southwark Street, S.E.**

**SAVORY and MOORE'S**  
**BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS**  
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERY. This, 12s., 8s., 6s., and 10s., everywhere.

"C. O. M."  
CRIMES OLD MALT.  
The finest type of DUBLIN  
WHISKY obtainable.  
Over 60 years' established  
reputation.  
Cases of 1 doz. bottles free  
to all Railway Stations on  
receipt of 50s.  
**ANDREWS & CO.,**  
DAME ST., DUBLIN.  
Sole Proprietors of the  
C. O. M. Brand.  
London Office—  
12, JUNE STREET, ADELPHI.

MEDICALLY RECOMMENDED.  
**OVOCA**  
A PERFECT OLD IRISH  
WHISKY  
OF ALL WINE MERCHANTS.

**LIEBIG**  
**COMPANY'S**  
EXTRACT  
OF  
BEEF  
*For Sale*  
See  
Signature  
(as above) in Blue  
Ink across the Label  
on each Jar of the  
Genuine Extract.

**"WILLS'S" NAVY CUT**  
"CAPSTAN" Brand  
Can now be obtained in 2-oz.  
Patent Air-tight Tins, in  
Three Grades of Strength, viz.:—  
"MILD," Yellow label.  
"MEDIUM," Blue label.  
"FULL," Chocolate label.  
As well as in One-Ounce Packets  
and 4-lb. Patent Air-tight Tins,  
by all Dealers in Tobacco.  
**W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Limited, Bristol and London.**

**DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.**  
For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN,  
HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.  
Sold throughout the World.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

**KROPP RAZOR**  
NEVER REQUIRES  
SHARPENING.  
Black Handle, 6s. 6d. Ivory Handle, 7s. 6d.  
A Fr. Ivory Handle, in Bus. leather case, 21s.  
From all Perfumers and Retailers.  
Wholesale: GOSNELL, GARNETT, & Co., London, W.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.  
Nothing so profitable  
and easy to grow.  
80 Acres in Stock.

**FRUIT**  
**ROSES**  
Hundreds of  
Thousands.  
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage  
Free for cash with order, 5s. per dozen,  
60s. per 100. All other Nursery Stock  
carriage forward.  
**ROSES IN POTS FROM 15s. PER DOZ.**  
Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.  
4 Acres of Glass.  
Clematis (80,000) from 15s. doz.  
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly  
increased Prices.

**SEEDS**  
The best procurable.  
Lists Free.  
**GENERAL CATALOGUE**  
(over 140 pages of Nursery Stock, artistically pro-  
duced, containing some hundreds of illustrations,  
and full of valuable information, sent FREE.)  
**RD. SMITH & CO., Worcester.**

**Borwick's**  
**Baking**  
**Powder.**  
THE  
BEST  
THAT  
MONEY  
CAN  
BUY.  
PERFECTLY PURE AND FREE FROM ALUM.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN  
**DR. RIDGE'S**  
PATENT COOKED FOOD.

**'K'**  
**BOOTS.**

THE SIMILE OF STAMP ON BACK OF EVERY  
TWO YARDS OF ALL GENUINE  
**CHIPPING NORTON**  
**TWEEDS**  
**W. BLISS**  
Specialty for  
HUNTING & RIDING BREECHES  
Tweed Suits Boys Wear & all  
HARD WEAR



*Adopted by John Bull.*

*I love John Bull and his sea-bound Isle,  
His glorious Homes and genial smile;  
And so long as I may, with all my might,  
I'll make those Homes look cheerful and bright.*

## *Brooke's Soap - Monkey Brand.*

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING

**FLOORS, KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM, AND OIL CLOTHS**

**FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR RODS.**

**FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE IRONS, MANTELS, &c.**

**REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.**